WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, February 4, 1804. [No. 67

THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 105.)

I REPLIED, with a tone and look that a little disconcerted him——Do you think, Sir, to recommend yourself to me by such commonplace small talk; or do you wish to veil under all this politeness, your curiosity respecting the particular circumstances that have occasioned my remaining, till the age of thirty-seven, in a state of sober *maidenhood*?——and, perhaps, it will occasion some *well-bred* surprize to learn, that, like many of my sisterhood, it does not proceed either from my own choice, or I trust, my own fault. I have little cause, upon reflection, to be displeased with my lot; for though I have, I confess, admired many gentlemen, and thought them worthy members of society, as well as agreeable companions, yet disprejudiced by passion, and consulting my own serious judgment, I doubt whether any one of them could have made me happy for life; and, if you look round among the circle of your married acquaintance, how many will you find dissatisfied with their lot!

Pray, aunt, to what do you ascribe it? asked Maria, with a smile of incredulity.

Not so much, my dear, to their improprieties after marriage, as to their want of discretion before. I am sorry to say, that women's hearts are in general too easily won: a fine person, or an insinuating address, acting upon the native sensibility of the female heart, seldom fails of success, which I attribute, in great measure, to the restraint that custom has imposed upon the sex; for, were women allowed the free use of their will in a selection so important, I have little doubt but they would show more judgment; and the men would take greater trouble to qualify themselves for the approbation of a virtuous woman, and not prove the contemptible beings they are at present, with some few exceptions.

My dear Madam, cried Leonard, you are quite a Wolstonecraft in your theory!——Pray, would you permit your sex, in defiance of every law modesty has proclaimed, to demand our love, and compel us to marry as their whim may direct.

Certainly not. True Modesty I reverence; nor would I wish to inculcate opinions that militate against her laws: but the modern deity, or impostor, who usurps her place and prerogatives, is Fastidiousness; and to her I bow not the knee of submission.——Of what use can arms be to the soldier, if compelled by absurdity and ignorance to refrain from exercising them? And of what service are judgment, penetration, and sensibility, to us, if constrained by the over-ruling hand of custom? Each must submit to the injustice of power, and be caught, laughed at, and despised, as fools and cowards!

Merciful powers!——what a picture? cried Somerton, laughing.——You equal Hogarth; but I hope you do not copy Nature as exactly!

Possibly I have a little exceeded it, in your opinion, I replied, and also, perhaps, in that of many others; but I have lived in the world, know some of its ways, and declare to you, that I have seen girls who have unhappily said Yes, when prudence, and even inclination, might have substituted No, merely for fear they should never be asked again; and you know the mortifying ridicule attached to the appellation of an old maid.

They both joined in the laugh at my expence, and I proceeded:——

On the other hand, there have been instances where women of extreme delicacy have sacrificed the most noble sentiments of Nature to false and punctilious ideas of decorum.

Such examples, I am of opinion, are rather rare in the present age, observed Leonard.

As a very young man, I replied with some degree of chagrin, and as a fashionable man, I do not wonder that you should have imbibed the too prevalent opinion of young men in general; and to their common disrespect of the sex may be charged most of the female errors and absurdities. Yet, I speak to you as to a young man possessed of feeling and understanding, and must observe, that, though love is involuntary, respect is due from man to woman under every condition, and the deficiency should never be pardoned: indeed, the apathy, real or affected, of the present race of beings who call themselves men, is completely disgusting. Those creatures whom by Nature and established laws they are bound to protect and cherish, they villify or ridicule, if not objects of desire; and those who are, they court but to destruction.

Surely, my dear aunt, cried Maria, casting a timid glance at Somerton, you are more severe than usual. May I hope and believe you are less just.

For your peace, may you find it so, my love. I own I show you the dark side of the picture; happy will you be if through life you find the scene reversed! Remember, however, I do not presume to give what I have said as general axioms; they are merely observations occasioned by sad experience.

Disappointments of a tender nature ever contribute to sour the temper; and mine, naturally irritable, could scarcely expect improvement. Determined, nevertheless, by every exertion of my own, to subdue its impetuosity, I thought it best to let the subject drop, and proposed a game at piquet with Somerton, while Maria translated a tale from Gessner. The harmonious numbers of the poet, to which Maria gave additional sweetness by her impressive tones, when, at the conclusion of the game, she read the story for our amusement, composed our irritated spirits; and we retired to rest in social cordiality.

NO. IV.

To-morrow being the anniversary of young Stanley's birth, we are to have a sort of family concert and ball in the tea-room at the bottom of their garden, which has been decorated in a very tasty manner by my Maria, with drawings, transparent screens, and fringed drapery, much admired and highly praised by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley: nor is Edward an uninterested spectator; so much does industry and genius recommend a young woman to old and young. It is to this I am continually exhorting Miss Somerton: an habitual indolence seems to have taken possession of her, and perverted all her faculties; she pleads want of genius as an excuse, but, in my opinion, activity often proves an excellent substitute. A circumstance once occurred which I could not help noticing, and I have a whimsical trick of remembering every thing that I think can be turned to the advantage of myself or others.

Colonel D——, one field-day, observing observing two young men belonging to his corps sauntering about in a listless manner, while the rest were going through their evolutions, rode up to them, and desired they would join the ranks. One of them replied—We have no arms, Sir; the Colonel facetiously replied—Arms! zounds—you have legs, Sir; march.

This, though a trivial circumstance, struck me forcibly, as containing an important truth; for how often do we perceive those to whom Nature has given one particular talent, sink into slothful inanity, without exercising those faculties which they do possess. Genius often offers consolation under corporeal infirmities, and, in turn, strength of body and exertion of mind may atone for the deficiency of talent; nor should we ever think ourselves destitute of resources in any exigence, would we but properly direct and employ those capacities we are endowed with.

Miss Somerton, with her brother, are invited; he is perfectly recovered, and purposes to depart next week. We shall really miss his agreeable society; his spirits seem uncommonly depressed: he would have excused himself from joining our party, but I persuaded him that a participation of our innocent festivities would be of service to him: Maria also urged, and her rhetoric is as irresistible as her person: she has been netting herself a dress, simple and elegant, composed of white silk, with a bandeau of white roses; she has tried it on, and Leonard has given his opinion, that when her beautiful auburn tresses are confined by a few strings of pearl, she will surpass even his lovely accomplished sister: however, I do not wish to encourage any rivalship of beauty. Cards of invitation have been sent to Mrs. Stichwell, Dr. Pompous, and Dr. Cerate: a young military beau is likewise expected, distantly related to Mr. Stanley: there will be tea and cards for the old ones; music, dancing, and various refreshments for the young ones; for it is only an annual jubilee, and no expense is spared on the occasion. Among all the visitants, there is not one with whom I desire to hold any interview, and I fancy they are all equally careless of my favorable report; yet the important decision of Edward's future destination is to be adjusted to-morrow, and I feel not a little interested in the arrangement. Maria seems less concerned than I could wish; but she is yet too young to have any very serious thoughts on the subject. Miss Somerton is teazing me to death about her dress; I must attend to her. At my return from our festival, I will resume my pen.

NO. V.

The evening proved pleasant beyond my expectations, yet, as is generally the case, some disagreeables occurred. Maria led off the dance with young Stanley; the hand of Clara was solicited and obtained by Lieutenant Woolcomb, the young officer I before mentioned; and Somerton leaned over my chair, endeavoring to amuse me by his observations. I perceived his heart was in the dance, and assured him he might safely venture to lead out Miss Walsingham, a young lady introduced by Mrs. Stitchwell as her pupil: the girl was modest-looking tho' awkward, and I pitied the constrained and anxious appearance that she made.

(To be continued)

Selected Biography

LIFE OF MADAME DU CHATELET.

GABRIELLA-Emilia Tonnelier-de Breteuil, Marchionness du Chatelet, was descended from a very ancient family of Picardy, established at Paris for above three hundred years. She was the daughter of the Baron de Breteuil, introducer of foreign princes and ambassadors at court, and was born on the 17th December, 1706. At a very early age she displayed great strength of genius and vivacity of imagination. She showed a peculiar fondness for the belles-lettres, and devoted great part of the early period of her life to the study of the ancients. Virgil, above all, was her favorite author. She had a wonderful attachment to the Æneid, and even began a translation of it; but, unluckily, that work was never brought to a conclusion. She was, likewise, remarkably fond of perusing the works of the best French poets, and could repeat the most beautiful and striking passages of them. She applied also to foreign languages; and, in a little time, made herself so far mistress of the English and Italian, as to be able to read Milton and Tasso with ease.

Madame du Chatelet, however did not confine herself to the study of the belles-lettres only. Metaphysics and mathematics were objects also of her pursuit; and Leibnitz, a philosopher equally profound and ingenious, was the guide whom she chose to direct her in this new path. By close application she was soon enabled to write an explanation of that celebrated German's philosophy under the title of *Institutions of Physics*, which she composed principally for the Count du Chatelet-Lomont, her son. If this work is entitled to praise, on account of the order and perspicuity observed in it, the preliminary discourse, which Voltaire justly calls a masterpiece of eloquence and reasoning, is undoubtedly highly interesting. In this discourse, which is addressed by the Marchioness to her son, she first shows that one of the most sacred duties of men is to pay the strictest attention to the education of their children; after which she requests that he would take advantage of the dawn of reason, and endeavor to preserve himself from that ignorance which is so common among persons of his rank. You must accustom your mind early, says she, to think, and to find resources in itself; you will be sensible throughout life what comfort and consolation arises from study; and you will even see that it can afford pleasure and delight. She then advises him to apply principally to natural philosophy; gives an account of the plan she proposes to follow in her lessons; and traces out, in a few words, how much that science has been indebted to those philosophers who have appeared since Descartes. In explaining the system of the latter, and that of Newton, she relates the violent disputes they created, and exhorts him, at the same time, to guard against party spirit, which always impedes the discovery of truth. It is assuredly very unreasonable, continues she, to make a kind of national affair of the opinions of Newton and Descartes. When a book in philosophy is in question, we ought to ask if it be good; and not whether the author is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. Madame du Chatelet exhorts her son, also, not to carry his respect for great men to an excess bordering on idolatry. These reflections, presented with equal strength and sentiment, lead her insensibly to speak of Leibnitz, and the ideas of that philosopher on metaphysics; but in this part she seems to deviate from her own precepts, and to fall into that enthusiasm against which she cautions her son. This slight fault may, however, be very readily excused in a preface which contains abundance of useful maxims, and an excellent analysis of the work for which it was intended.

Madame du Chatelet had too much judgment, and was too ardent in the pursuit of truth to dwell long on the chimæras of metaphysics; she readily quitted, therefore, the imaginations of Leibnitz, in order to give herself up to the clear and perspicuous doctrine of Newton. Having, by close application, gained a complete knowledge of that eminent philosopher's principles, she undertook the arduous task of making a translation of them from the original Latin into French, which she published with an admirable commentary, and by this enterprize rendered an essential service to science.

This commentary, which is far superior to the translation, is composed of two parts, and is preceded by a short history of astronomy, from Pythagoras to the present time. The first part contains an explanation of the most remarkable phænomena of our system; and the second, an analytical solution of the principal problems which relate to it. When we reflect on the dryness of the subject, and the little analogy it has with the delicacy and vivacity of the fair sex, we cannot help admiring the abilities of the authoress, and calling to mind the following lines, which Voltaire addresses to her, in his *Epistle on Newton's Philosophy*.

Comment avez-vous pu dans un age encore tendre,
Melgre les vains plaisirs, ces ecueils des beaux jours
Prendre un vol si hardi, suivre un si vaste cours,
Marcher apres NEWTON, *dans cette route obscure,*
Du labyrinth immence ou se perd la nature.

Spite of those pleasures which too oft engage
The youthful mind, unguarded yet by age,
How could you soar, and, with so vast a flight,
Great NEWTON follow, and yet follow right,
In that dark course, hid from the light of day,
Where nature's self is forc'd to go astray?

Madame du Chatelet's manners were no less estimable than her talents. Though formed by her figure, her rank, and her knowledge, to be distinguished from the greater part of those among whom she lived, she seemed never to be sensible of those advantages which she enjoyed. She was fond of glory, but without ostentation. No female, says M. de Voltaire, ever possessed so much knowledge; and yet no one ever showed her learning less. She spoke on scientific subjects to those only whom she thought she could instruct, and never with any view to call forth applause. This portrait must undoubtedly exhibit a just likeness of Madame du Chatelet, for no one had a better opportunity of knowing her character than the person by whom it is traced out. Every one, almost, is acquainted with the close intimacy which subsisted between this celebrated lady and Voltaire for nearly twenty years. The taste which they each had for philosophy and the belles-lettres, served to render this connexion extremely agreeable, especially to the latter, who seems to have derived no small benefit from it. Without the advice of his illustrious friend, many of his pieces, perhaps, would not have contained such a number of beauties. On every thing he wrote Madame du Chatelet was consulted, and her criticisms were always so proper, that her counsel was generally followed.

A woman, who has no other merit than of being learned, is certainly wanting in her duty to society. No reproach however, can be thrown out against Ma-

dame Du Chatelet on this head. Her fondness for study never made her forget what she owed to her family: she took upon herself the care of the education of her son, whom she instructed in geometry; and she did not think it below her to enter into all those details which are required in the management of a house. Instead of delighting in slander, or ridicule, she often became the advocate of those who in her presence were made the objects of either. She possesed so much greatness of soul that though she perfectly knew that she was exposed to the shafts of malice, she never showed the smallest desire of being revenged on her enemies. A pitiful pamphlet, in which one of those authors, who delight in blackening reputations, had made very free with hers, being put into her hands, she said, that if the author had lost his time in writing such useless stuff, she would not lose hers in reading it; and next morning she exerted herself to liberate him from prison, even without his knowledge.

All that Madame du Chatelet can be blamed for is, that she took too little care of her health, and sacrificed it to her glory. Long before her death, she foresaw the fatal stroke which at length carried her off. Being then apprehensive that sufficient time would not be left for her to finish the commentary she had begun on *Newton's Principia*, she devoted every moment almost to it, and by these means hastened her dissolution, in order to secure immortality to her works. She perceived her end approaching, says Voltaire, and by a singular mixture of sentiments, which appeared to be at variance, she seemed to regret life, and to meet death with intrepidity. The melancholy thought of an eternal separation sensibly affected her soul, and the philosophy with which it was filled made her retain all her courage. A man who, tearing himself sadly from his weeping family, is calmly making preparations for a long voyage, is only a faint portrait of her firmness and grief: so that those who beheld her last moments, felt doubly, by their own affliction and regret, the loss which they sustained, and admired at the same time the strength of her mind, which blended with so affecting a sorrow so unshaken a constancy. She died at Lunneville in the year 1749, aged forty-three, some time after she had been delivered of a child. She was a member of several foreign academies.

THE KIND UNCLE.

THAT the narratives of Fancy may be made a vehicle for the most important truths, and the most salutary lessons, is a remark that has often been made, and is confirmed by every day's experience. Yet, the ideal tale should always correspond with Nature, and be calculated to impress some moral maxim; or it not only loses its effect, but becomes injurious.

The subsequent little history, it is hoped, is free from any just grounds of censure in its principles and conduct.—It proves that avarice and ambition are not always the prevailing vices of those who have the superintendance and the direction of the young; and it evinces, that the female heart is not to be biassed by change of situation, when once it has paid its allegiance to genuine love.

If examples of this kind were more frequent, domestic felicity would be increased, and the matrimonial union less frequently than it is the source of misery and unavailing complaint. To exhibit a good pattern may be useful; to copy it praiseworthy. With these reflections we commence our moral tale.

ALBINA was born in the country, of reputable parents, who were called from this sublunary scene whilst she was yet in a state of infancy. Her aunt (an old lady, who lived on a decent competence, in a pleasant village) was enamored of the attractive elegance of her fair niece, and took her home, for the purpose of having her educated in every laudable and polite accomplishment, under her own immediate direction. The soil was naturally good, and cultivation was not wanting.

It was in this retired and happy situation that she matured those virtues and graces, those artless and engaging manners, those softnesses and delicacies of nature and deportment, which captivated every one who knew her, and inspired all her acquaintances with the warmest interest in her fortunes.

Her aunt to whose attentions she was so much indebted, regarded the rising excellencies of the beauteous Albina with delight: the contemplation of her virtues filled the placid evening of the good old lady's days with serenity and pleasure. In their rural walks, she entertained her tender charge with a recital of whatever her experience afforded, in lessons of the most easy and pleasing instruction; and in this manner she moulded her young heart to early and unaffected virtue.

She had but just entered her teens, when her uncle returned from India, and brought with him an immense fortune. He was charmed to find his niece so exact an image of her mother, of whom the old gentleman had been always passionately fond. He instantly purchased a beautiful villa, where he carried his sister and Albina; and, observing the liberality of the young lady's disposition, put it in her power to indulge it in every respect. This sudden change of fortune produced no alteration in her manners, which became if possible, more condescending than before. Her enquiries concerning the miserable were more constant, and her beneficence was more extensive.

Her aunt died while Albina was in her fifteenth year; and the day on which she was deprived of this second parent, in the revolution of subsequent years, was always devoted to abstinence and salutary meditation. Her uncle was now her only guardian, and he well deserved the name.

Scarcely had she changed her mourning for the demise of her aunt, when he thus addressed her one morning, as they sat by themselves at breakfast:—

"You are now, my dear Albina, the sole heiress of my fortune: all the property of our family will eventually centre in you. My growing infirmities afford me an hourly warning that I must soon *be gathered to my fathers*: this makes me extremely anxious to see you settled in life.—Your accomplishments as well as your fortune, will entitle you to a match among families of the first rank in the kingdom; and young Lord Townly has for some time professed the most ardent attachment to your person; though my respect for your worthy and amiable aunt would not permit me to disclose the circumstance before."

Albina was so much astonished at this unexpected discovery, that she remained for some moments silent, and at length dropped insensible from her chair. Her uncle, equally grieved and alarmed

by the apparent anguish into which his proposal had thrown the lovely girl, watched the restoration of her senses with eagerness and solicitude; he had soon the happiness of seeing her revive and instantly embraced her with tears of joy.

She then unbosomed herself to her uncle without reserve: she did not think it consistent with her duty to harbor even a thought with which he was unacquainted, when the occasion called for an explanation. The gentleman who farmed her aunt's estate had an only son, who, long before her uncle's arrival in England, had frequently enjoyed the pleasure of her society. The amiable qualities and engaging disposition of this young gentleman had made an indelible impression upon her heart, at a time when his fortune was likely to be much superior to her own.—In an early stage of this fond intercourse they had exchanged the most solemn promises of eternal fidelity to each other, with the consent of her aunt, but greatly against the severe will of the young gentleman's father.

When Albina's uncle was made acquainted with the real state of her mind the good old man desisted from any farther importunity on the subject. "God forbid," said he, "that my fortune (which I hope will prove a blessing to your youth) should be the bane of your felicity through life."

In consequence of this declaration they set out, the next morning, on a visit to farmer Jones, who resided about thirty miles distant. They met the old gentleman before they arrived at his house; but he had no recollection of the persons of either Albina or her uncle.

"We are come, Mr. Jones," said the Nabob, "to make you happy."

"Friend," replied the other, without moving his hat, for he was one of those people called quakers, I know not who thou art. I thank thee for thy good intention;—but happiness belongs not to such a wretch as I am!

Albina remained silent; but her uncle entreated Mr. Jones to make him acquainted with the history of his sorrows.

"My son," rejoined the quaker, "who never disobeyed the wishes of his parents, and who was the comfort of our declining age, has formed an attachment with a young woman, from the time of his being a boy at school: but she is become of late so rich, by the arrival of a wealthy uncle from India, that we have not been able, for above a twelvemonth, to hear any thing of her situation. My poor boy has been all that time almost in a state of distraction. He left home about two days since, and we know not whither he is gone, or what may have befallen him, We have sent every where in search of him, but, alas! without success."

The extreme affliction of Albina at this affecting narrative soon discovered who the strangers were. She was immediately conveyed to the house without any evident signs of life. By the greatest assiduity and tenderness, however, the fond maid began to revive; and was on the act of explaining the true reasons of her discontinuing the correspondence with young Jones for so long a period, when intelligence was received that the favorite youth had been found near her uncle's residence, and was distracted to hear that his Albina had left it before it was possible for him to have an interview with the object of all his affections. Explanations took place, and the honest quaker participated in the general joy that was proposed for all.

Immediate care was taken to inform the young man of the happy change in his prospect; and it was not long before he entered the apartment, and received from the indulgent uncle a full confirmation of what has been already premised. They were soon united for ever; and, to the last hour of his life, the uncle of Albina enjoyed the pleasing reflection of having given his niece to a worthy man; and of seeing the felicity of two fond hearts secured by his means. The young people on their part, showed him all the attachment due to a kind parent; and lamented his loss with as much sincerity, as if his death, instead of rendering them very opulent, had reduced them to actual want and distress.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

As the bodies of women are of a softer and more delicate texture than those of men, so their minds are generally more firmly attuned to impressions of compassion and feelings of humanity; and whilst they are tremblingly alive to the woes of others, they are frequently incapable of sustaining their own. This refinement of feeling, and excess of softness, constitutes at once their attraction and their misery; and whilst they interest mankind in the peculiarity of their misfortunes, by an exertion of their reason they probably might have averted them.

That softness may be combined with fortitude, and tenderness with resolution, female historians have most amply proved; but among the numberless instances which have been handed down to posterity, none more conspicuously evinces the validity of the assertion than the anecdotes which have been related of the amiable Octavia. There never was a princess (says Seneca) so completely deserving of uninterrupted happiness. Yet there never was one destined to endure such an absolute succession of misery:—her misfortunes commenced with her birth, and terminated only with her existence. Yet, instead of sinking under the weight of her afflictions, she endeavored to rise above them; and those calamities she could not avert, she sustained with fortitude, and supported with resignation! By the artful intrigues of Agrippina, she was compelled to relinquish her engagement with the man she adored, and to receive the addresses of the being she despised; yet, in that trying situation, her conduct was such as inspired veneration, and insured esteem. The repeated proofs of her husband's infidelity, and the various instances of his insolence and neglect, neither piqued her pride, or called forth her resentment; and when his conduct became so notoriously abandoned, that the Senate were resolved to espouse her cause, she mildly declined their interference, and patiently submitted to every species of degradation which her insulting tyrant could heap upon her. The charms of her person could only be equalled by the solidity of her understanding, which was refined by misfortune, and improved by education; and her conversation was allowed to be a mixture of sense, delicacy, and elegance!—These exalted perfections made no impression upon the inhuman heart of the abandoned Nero; who, considering the amiable Octavia as the only barrier to his desire of raising a favorite mistress to the imperial throne, basely resolved upon her destruction.

This cruel fiat she received with calmness, and instead of execrating the wretch who had occasioned her such a succession of unheard of misery, she desired he might be informed that she was ready to *resign* her *dignities*; but requested permission to preserve her life. And upon being told it was the Emperor's order she should *die*, she submitted with fortitude to her destiny, giving at once an instance of courage, and a proof of innocence.

REMARKS ON BREATHING.

From the "Domestic Encyclopædia,"

By Dr. Willich.

BREATHING is that alternate contraction and expansion of the lungs and breast, by which animals inspire and expire the surrounding atmosphere; a process essentially necessary to the support of life. From the moment a child enters the world, the air penetrates into its lungs, which were previously filled with a watery mucus, but are then opened for the circulation of the blood. Thus respiration, one of the primary and most important of the vital functions, commences with birth, and is incessantly active; as it cannot be interrupted for many minutes, without endangering the life of the individual.

There have, indeed, been instances of persons wantonly endeavoring to restrain the act of breathing, nay, even to check the pulsation of the arteries, so as to exhibit a specimen of apparent death, for several minutes. We still remember the account of such a hazardous experiment, related by a most respectable professor in the University of Edinburgh, who informed his pupils, that a man possessing the talent here alluded to, at length paid the price of his life, by remaining, in one of his exhibitions, a fatal example of his temerity.

More frequent, however, though not so immediately dangerous, are the instances in which persons, in other respects sensible, unthinkingly expose themselves to situations where they must necessarily breath the most vitiated and pernicious atmosphere. Such is the case in all public assemblies, which are confined in narrow limits, to which numbers of spectators indiscriminately resort, and where each individual is obliged to respire part of the aggregate mephitic vapors of the company. Far from wishing to discourage the frequenting of those fashionable places of resort, in general, we only think it our duty to warn such invalids as are liable to asthmatic or pulmonary complaints against a too free indulgence in these enticing amusements. Indeed, we are convinced by numerous facts, of their deleterious influence; and if any person be disposed to doubt the propriety of this caution, let him reflect on the dreadful effects frequently produced by shutting up five or six passengers in a stage-coach, only during a short space of time; and he will acknowledge that our admonition is well founded.

Hence we would advise those who lead a studious or sedentary life never to continue for several hours together in a close, and perhaps low, apartment, where they admit the same air to re-enter the lungs, which has before been respired, and has become, at length, totally unfit for supplying the vital principle. Thus they deprive themselves of the most beneficial cordial of life, namely, *fresh air*, and exhaust the source of vitality as much in one hour, as was, perhaps, destined by Nature for the support of weeks, or even months. Instead of following such an irrational practice, they ought either to remove to another atmosphere, or to open the window or door, to admit a supply of pure air, rather than to destroy themselves by an obstinate, or indolent perseverance in their former habit.

COMPLEXION AND COSMETICS.

[*From the same.*]

MANY unthinking persons are more anxious to preserve and improve their complexion, particularly that of the countenance, than to enquire into their animal economy, and to regulate its different functions. The face, indeed, when not disguised by art, is often the index of health and disease; though it is absurd to consider it as the *cause* of those changes which take place in the body; whereas it exhibits only the *effect*. Hence we may confidently assert, that all contrivances of crafty empirics, perfumers, travelling mountebanks, &c. which are pompously offered to the public in daily prints, or by means of bills and pamphlets containing specious certificates, to induce the giddy, the idle, and unwary multitude (nay, sometimes the lady of rank and fashion) to purchase those "beautifying compositions,"—are mournful instances of human folly, and moral depravity.

Various articles have been obtruded on the public attention by ignorant and speculative persons, as possessing every property that may tend to improve the surface of the body, but which have generally been found to consist of the most hurtful metallic ingredients, such as the various preparations of lead, mercury, arsenic, &c. To those, however, whose decayed countenances seem to justify them in the use of cosmetics, or who are determined to employ them, instead of attending to the more effectual means of preserving the bloom of their skin, it may perhaps be of service to point out two or three harmless external applications, chiefly with a view to prevent them from using dangerous or pernicious specifics.

According to the late Dr. Withering, an infusion of horseradish in milk, makes one of the safest and best cosmetics.

Another preparation for clearing the skin of pimples and recent eruptions, if assisted by gentle aperient medicines, is the fresh expressed juice of houseleek, mixed with an equal quantity of sweet milk or cream.

Prof. Pallas recommends the water distilled from the flowers of the *Nymphæa Nelumbo*, a plant indigenous in the Asiatic part of Russia, on the banks of the Volga; and which, by his account, imparts an agreeable softness and delicacy to the skin of the face and hands.

Frequent bathing will also contribute to the prolongation of youth, and preservation of the external integuments. To these remedies we venture to add honey-water made to the consistence of cream, so that it may form a kind of varnish on the skin, which, especially when chapped by frost, will be much benefited by this application: and if it occasion any irritation or uneasiness, a little fine

wheaten flour, or *pure* hair-powder, should be scattered on the hands or face.

Without exception, the best cosmetic, in our opinion, is *temperance*; as, by avoiding excesses of every kind, the body will retain its natural tone, the uniform circulation of all the fluids will be facilitated, and those disgraceful eruptions we too frequently observe on the features of the younger part of the present generation, will be utterly effaced.

TO THE

EDITORS OF THE W. VISITOR.

OBSERVING in your paper, No, 64, a singular instance of sleep-walking, induced me to request the insertion of the following, to which had I not been an eye-witness, I would have tho't highly improbable.

I sailed from St. Domingo, about two years since, in a French ship, commanded by captain Freto, who, I was informed by one of the seamen, was addicted to the habit of walking in sleep.

I was curious enough to set up the greater part of the night, in order to perceive in what manner he conducted himself; and frequently observed him between the watches, come on the quarter-deck, and perform several necessary things, the same as when waking.

One night in particular, I remember our having a severe gale, and some time before day, it came on to blow a perfect hurricane, and we were every minute in expectation of being consigned to everlasting oblivion, in the gaping jaws of the deep.

A few moments after the flaw had taken us, the captain came from below, actually went on the main-top, and handed the topsail; returned and remained on deck until the wind had subsided, and then retired to the cabin and laid down.

In the morning he knew nothing that passed during the above mentioned time.

Yours, &c.

Jan. 27, 1804. C—E—.

Communicated for the Visitor.

(From the Virginia Intelligencer.)

THE observation of a specimen of modern literature in the Norfolk Herald, entitled, "A Literary Curiosity," calls to my remembrance one of equal dignity, being a letter received by your correspondent, many years ago, when in the midst of her victories over the hearts of many desponding lovers. The piece appearing in the Herald, is no doubt the production of the brain of some wit, having perhaps some ignorant but well-known character in view, but the following *elegant* epistle I assure you is copied verbatim from one received and now actually in the possession of your correspondent. It was written by a conspicuous character in the American Revolution, and who consequently arrived at applause among those who were unacquainted with his principles or literary talents, but if you think it may be a source of edification to the *Petersburgians*, you will oblige by publishing it.

Sir, your's, &c.

PHOEBE WINTERTOP.

Deare Krater,

Overcoom by the grateness of mi loaf for ye I can no longur contein the himmotions which turbatato mi discordunt bowels—Turherday I had the plesher of seing ye pass bye, when ye luckd so tunderly at me that mi thrubing hart gumpt up into my throte and I was oblijed to mak a grate exeshun and likewize a grate gulp to quell the risin chumult. O mi darest churmar mi hadmorration of ye is so grate, that mi hart is by the vilance of my loaf parch and drid lik a worn out drumn hed, and if ye proofe not kynd mi live ma bee a sacrifise too yur distain. And thus my dare jowel hafe I opened unto yu mi intellectals of a virtuouse and cordyal entent and candied resolutian, not be destatut of hope that the silvar streeme of mi afeckshuns, will bee wilinli reseved into the milpund of yur wirgan hart. I shold not haf bean so boald as to adrace yu bi later, but I am shure to [illegible] sucksos whenaver I rite to the far seckse. It seems to me thet thare is a royhd of magicke in mi ritin which so duz enduse all the far seckse to oner me with ther efeeshuns, and I hop yu wil ad too the numbur of my conkests. I shel vizit yu bufor long in the interrum yu wil plese considare mi proposhuls.

Thise mutch from yur hardantest lufor and hole-eat sarvint to comand.

EXPLANATION OF

THE WONDERFUL PROPHET.

——A COCK.——

FOR the farther satisfaction of our readers we will explain each article. Because the fowls were created before Adam. Because all sorts of fowls entered with Noah into the ark; and he was heard by St. Peter, when he was declaring he would not forsake our Saviour. Because he cannot know what begot him, and his food is of another kind. Because all the creatures of his species go so. Because his covering is feathers. Because his weapons are his spurs and beak. Because he is abused when thrown at, &c. Because Protestants eat fowls in Lent. Because all nations know him by his crowing. Because he crows on Sundays, at break of day, as well as other days.

Because when he crows, in the country, being near day, farmers open their doors, in order to go about their business. Because he drinks no strong liquor. Because he gives notice of the approach of day. Because he sleeps on a perch; and, was he to pull off his covering, he would be unable to put it on again.

Because he eats no flesh. Because he knows not what to do with money. Because he knows nothing about vanity, party, or religion. Because most people hear him crow frequently. Because after St. Peter's denial of our Lord, when he had crowed thrice, Peter wept bitterly.

The last paragraph wants no explanation.

A quack who affected an unlucky phrase, and every turn cried—So much the better! visiting a patient almost in the agony of death, asked how he slept that night. Not a wink, Sir.—So much the better! cries the doctor. He then enquired, how *our* fever was. O Lord (says the patient) I burn as if I were on fire.—So much the better! quoth the quack. How does your cough?—I spit up my lungs, replied the sick man. So much the better, still, said the quack. Ah! dear doctor, (quoth the expiring patient) what pity it is that a man should go out of the world with all these fine symptoms.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome to be born:

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark! the voice of female glory,
And what is honor call'd on earth,
Warm me to hush thy fatal story,
And hide thy sad disastrous birth.

But, spite of these, my heart unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee——
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For Innocence may smile at Malice,
And thou, oh! thou, art innocent!

Here thine infant wants are giv'n,
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but mercy Heav'n!
My tears have dropt and mingled there!

LOVE SONG.

Adapted to the mercenary Manners of the Age.

BOAST not to me the charms that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and feature, I despise;
Wealth, wealth, is beauty to the wise.

Come then, Oh come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh, bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate,

Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks
And yeild thy treasure in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

You will oblige a subscriber by inserting the following lines.

WHEN Eliza, blooming, fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight;
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every part,
And every feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes,
Ten thousand loves appear,
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there;
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With color all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too-charming maid,
Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Eliza's waist
Has her own myrtle bound,
With gaurdian Cupids grac'd,
Who dance the circle round.
How happy must he be,
Who shall her zone unloose;
That bliss to all but me
May Heav'n and she refuse.

J. L. D.

EPIGRAM TO A FALSE MISTRESS

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live WITHOUT you;
Now we have been two months asunder,
How I liv'd WITH you is the wonder!

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—

A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 6s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 6d. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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